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there are, of course, but roughly speaking they seem to be as few as the words that may have the accent away from *un-* in the large Flügel. The exceptions are especially rare in the case of the verbals; *unregierbar* being one of the most striking. There is much greater freedom in regard to compounds of *un-* and a perfect participle; for example, we find on the one hand *unstudiert, unüberwunden, unverdrösset*, etc., on the other *unkultiviert, unüberführt, unverschamt*, etc.

To sum up, it would seem that the uncertainty about the accent of *un-* compounds is chiefly confined to compounds of *un-* and a perfect participle, or *un-* with a verbal in *-bar, -lich*, or *-sam*. About these there seems to be real variance in popular usage, and this variance is reflected in the opinions of scholars to such an extent that some will confidently quote a word as an example of one method of accentuation, while others will with equal confidence give the same word a different accent. Viëtor gives *unangemeldet*, while both Flügel and Flügel-Schmidt-Tanger give only *ünangemeldet*. Brandt quotes *unverantwortlich* and Wilmanns quotes *unentwëgt, unerforschlich, unerbittlich, unverzüglich*, all of which, according to Flügel, have the accent always on the prefix.

While this paper has thus far revealed little more than this state of confusion, it has at the same time, it is hoped, furnished sufficient ground for the following final conclusions:

1. No thorough-going, convenient, and correct rules for the accentuation of *un-* compounds have been given.

2. Such rules cannot be given in the present unsettled state of popular usage.

3. For the convenience of beginners in the language, it is best and sufficient to teach them that all compounds of *un-*, except *unendlich* and *unsterblich*, may have the principal accent on the prefix, and may with correctness be thus pronounced.

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PREDECESSORS OF ENOCH ARDEN.*

"THERE is, I fear, a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, book-worms,

* This article was originally prepared as a chapter for a

index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who *impute themselves* to the poet, and so believe that *he*, too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate."

So wrote Tennyson in a letter to Dawson. He spoke rather of parallelisms, but the words may be taken in a broader sense. His fear was well-founded; there is such a set. The tendency in the teaching of English has been too largely in the direction of etymology-chasing and other processes more or less distant from the true object of literary study. The spirit of literature is, of course, the prime consideration. Nevertheless, there are certain preliminaries and accessories that are necessary for the most successful prosecution of the study of literature. He who wishes to appreciate fully the *Æneid* must learn certain declensions and conjugations; the student of *Faust* will not rest satisfied until he has learned something of the material out of which Goethe erected that great monument.

It is the purpose of the present paper to point out certain predecessors of *Enoch Arden*. In doing so the writer must not be understood to say that Tennyson was acquainted with all these sources and drew from them.

When the poet wrote *Enoch Arden* the story of a man left alone on a desolate island was not new either in fact or in fiction.

Alexander Selkirk was put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez in 1704 and remained there till 1709. The story of his experience excited considerable interest and called forth several publications.

Out of his adventures Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) is generally supposed to have been created. The life of Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island is so well known that it need not be dwelt upon here; neither is it necessary to speak of the many imitations that soon followed this popular story.

Towards the close of the century Cowper published some *Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the island of Juan Fernandez*, into which he put such thoughts as seemed to him volume of Tennyson's poems including *Enoch Arden* and the two *Locksley Halls*, which I am now publishing with D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston.

appropriate for a man so situated.

Chamisso's poem *Salas y Gomez* (1829) is the story of a man cast upon a rock where for fifty long years he wrote upon tablets of slate the brief record of his shipwreck and his lonely life.

Neither was the other story new—the story of a man who returns after a long absence and finds his wife the wife of another.

An old French song has for its subject a mariner who returned, found his wife wedded to another, and went forth in tears :

“Quand le marin revient de guerre,
 Tout doux. . . .
 Tout mal chaussé, tout mal vêtu :
 —Pauvre marin, d'où reviens-tu ?
 Tout doux !
 —Madame, je reviens de guerre,
 Tout doux. . . .
 —Qu'on m'apporte ici du vin blanc,
 Que le marin boive en passant,
 Tout doux !
 Brave marin se mit à boire,
 Tout doux. . . .
 Se mit à boire et à chanter,
 Et la belle hôtesse a pleuré,
 Tout doux !
 —Ah ! qu'avez-vous, la belle hôtesse ?
 Tout doux. . . .
 Regrettez-vous votre vin blanc
 Que le marin boit en passant ?
 Tout doux !
 C'est point mon vin que je regrette,
 Tout doux. . . .
 C'est la perte de mon mari,
 Monsieur, vous ressemblez à lui. . . .
 Tout doux !
 —Ah ! dites-moi, la belle hôtesse,
 Tout doux. . . .
 Vous aviez de lui trois enfants.
 Vous en avez six à présent,
 Tout doux !
 —On m'a 'crit de ses nouvelles,
 Tout doux. . . .
 Qu'il était mort et enterré,
 Et je me suis remariée,
 Tout doux !
 Brave marin vida son verre,
 Tout doux. . . .
 Sans remercier, tout en pleurant,
 S'en retourna au régiment,
 Tout doux !”

The same subject is dealt with in a chapter of Le Sage's celebrated story of *Gil Blas* (i, xi) (1715) :

Don Alvaro de Mello married Donna Mencia de Mosquera. A few days after the marriage he met a rival, they quarreled, came to blows.

and the rival was killed. Don Alvaro bade his wife a hurried adieu and fled. His goods were confiscated and Donna Mencia led a solitary life. Seven years passed and no news came from the fugitive. Then a rumor said he was killed fighting for the King of Portugal, and the report was confirmed by a man who saw him fall. Don Ambrosio heard of the constancy of Donna Mencia, met her, and desired to make her his wife. He was wealthy and would lift her from poverty. Unable to resist the importunities of her family and relatives, she married him and they went to his castle near Burgos. Don Alvaro, however, returned. He sought the castle, went into the garden, gained admission to Donna Mencia, found her in tears, explained that he could not resist the desire to see her again, and generously offered not to disturb her.

“Do not imagine,” he said, “that my design is to disturb the felicity you enjoy by remaining in this place. No! I love you more than myself; I have the utmost regard for your repose; and now that I have had the melancholy satisfaction of conversing with you, will go and finish at a distance that miserable life which I sacrifice to your quiet.”

But Donna Mencia would not suffer him to leave her again and they fled together from the castle of Don Ambrosio.

In English Lady Anne Barnard sang the same theme in *Auld Robin Gray* (1772). The lovers, however, are only plighted when they part :

“Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
 But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
 And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!
 Before he had been gone a twelvemonth and a day,
 My father brake his arm, our cow was stown away;
 My mother she fell sick, my Jamie was at sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray, O he came a-courting me!
 My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna spin;
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
 Auld Robin fed them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, 'Jenny, O for their sakes, will you marry me?'
 My heart it seid na, and I looked for Jamie back;
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
 His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
 Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me!
 My father urged sair, my mother didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
 The gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
 And so Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife weeks but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come home, my love, to marry thee!'

Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bade him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, O he is sae kind to me."

In 1812 Crabbe published a poem under the title of *The Parting Hour*, which, as may be seen from the following brief abstract, was a prototype in a way of *Enoch Arden*:

Allen and Judith were two children.

"They at an infant-school together play'd,
Where the foundation of their love was laid:
The boyish champion would his choice attend
In every sport, in every fray defend."

Their love ripened as they grew up together. (The rival's name was Philip.) Allen decided to risk the perils of the sea to gain his fortune, and Judith approved his design.

"All things prepared, on the expected day
Was seen the vessel anchored in the bay"

The last farewells were said.

"They parted, thus by hope and fortuneled,
And Judith's hours in pensive pleasure fled."

Forty years later, old and grieved, and trembling with decay, Allen landed in his native port.

"In an autumnal eve he left the beach,
In such an eve he chanced the port to reach.
He was alone; he press'd the very place
Of the sad parting, of the last embrace. . . .
Allen soon found a lodging in the town,
And walk'd, a man unnoticed up and down."

A widow in a neighboring village heard of the melancholy man.

"He was her much-loved Allen, she had stay'd
Ten troubled years, a sad afflicted maid;
Then was she wedded, of his death assured,
And much of mis'ry in her lot endured;
Her husband died; her children sought their bread
In various places, and to her were dead.
The once fond lovers met; not grief nor age,
Sickness or pain, their hearts could disengage."

Since it has been pointed out in *Harper's Magazine* on account of the resemblance to the scene where Enoch Arden looks in upon his wife and children, I refer briefly here to

one other instance, although it must be said the parallel is not striking.

Hawthorne in *Wakefield* (before 1837) told the story of a man who voluntarily absented himself from home and wife, and during a period of twenty years returned each evening to look through his window. Finally, being caught in a shower before his own door, he quietly reëntered and resumed his ordinary life.

In 1841 Miss Lucy Hooper, an American writer, published a story entitled *Reminiscence of a Clergyman*, to which Tennyson's bears a remarkable resemblance.*

A young man who had made several voyages married a gentle girl and lived happily at home for five years. At length the old love of the sea overcame him, and in spite of the entreaties of his wife he disposed of his business and sailed once more. He was seized by pirates and sold into slavery. After many years he returned to America and found his wife married to his younger brother. He engaged eagerly in business and strove to forget his grief. A longing to see his wife came upon him.

"I passed by the house where we had lived together in our younger days, and saw her once more. I leaned over the gate that opened once at my approach, and gazed earnestly upon her to whom my face was that of a stranger. Time had wrought little change in her—she had not suffered as I had; and though her smile was graver it was more serene than of yore. My heart grew sick when I thought that my gentle and kind brother might make her happier than the wayward and fitful being who once clasped her to his bosom, and in the fullness of joy called her his. She had other children, and I heard their voices, and saw they were beautiful and loving too; and then dark thoughts came over me, and I hurried from the scene. . . . Since then I have led a solitary life, waiting the summons to depart. My life is wasting away; I am like a withered leaf; but my heart faints not at the prospect of approaching death. Blessed be God."

But the predecessor to which *Enoch Arden* bears the most striking resemblance is *Homeward Bound*, a poem by Adelaide Procter,

* This account rests upon an article in the *Literary World* of October 6, 1883 (Vol. xiv, p. 327), written by Joseph Hooper. I have been unable to secure a copy of the volume of *Scenes From Real Life* which contains the story.

published in 1858, only a few years before Tennyson's poem appeared. That the reader may see this resemblance, I quote at some length from the poem.

A sailor was wrecked off Algiers and made a slave to the Moors of Barbary. Ten years he toiled among them, dreaming of his wife and child at home, and gazing ever on the ocean. At length he was freed, and sailed for England, and as he sailed he pictured his home and fireside.

"And the child!—but why remember
Foolish fancies that I thought?
Every tree and every hedge-row
From the well-known past I brought;
I would picture my dear cottage,
See the crackling wood-fire burn,
And the two beside it seated,
Watching, waiting my return.
So, at last, we reached the harbor,
I remember nothing more
Till I stood, my sick heart throbbing,
With my hand upon the door.
There I paused—I heard her speaking;
Low, soft, murmuring words she said:
Then I first knew the dumb terror
I had had lest she were dead.
It was evening in late autumn,
And the gusty wind blew chill;
Autumn leaves were falling round me,
And the red sun lit the hill. . . .
She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby-words caressing,
And then, looking up, she smiled;
Smiled on him who stood beside her—
Oh! the bitter truth was told,
In her look of trusting fondness—
I had seen the look of old!
But she rose and turned toward me
(Cold and dumb I waited there)
With a shriek of fear and terror,
And a white face of despair.
He had been an ancient comrade,—
Not a single word he said,
While we gazed upon each other,
He the living, I the dead."

He drew nearer and took her trembling hand, but no word came to his lips.

"Bitter tears that desolate moment,
Bitter, bitter tears we wept,
We three broken hearts together,
While the baby smiled and slept."

This was the child of his old comrade; his own was dead.

"Then at last I rose, and, turning,
Wrung his hand, but made no sign;

And I stooped and kissed her forehead
Once more, as if she were mine.
Nothing of farewell I uttered,
Save in broken words to pray
That God would ever guard and bless her,—
Then in silence passed away."

He passed away to the great restless ocean, hoping finally to reach a haven where he would find rest and be at home.

Sylvia's Lovers, a novel by Miss Gaskeel, published in 1863, seems to have contributed something to our poem. It is to be noted that the name of a ship and of the rival reappear in Tennyson. As in *Auld Robin Gray*, the lovers were only engaged, not married. The following is a brief abstract:

Kinraid returned from the north seas on board the *Good Fortune* and was wounded in an encounter with the press-gang. He met Sylvia, they fell in love and plighted their faith to each other. Kinraid was seized by a press-gang and carried away. It was supposed that he was dead; only Philip his rival knew of Kinraid's fate. Philip withheld from Sylvia Kinraid's final message. The poor heart-broken girl was induced to marry Philip to save her mother and herself from want, yet she did not love him. A child was born. Once as Philip entered her room she cried, "Oh! Charley! come to me—come to me!" Then learning it was Philip she continued:

"Oh, Philip, I've been asleep, and yet I think I was awake! And I saw Charley Kinraid as plain as ever I see thee now, and he wasn't drowned at all. I'm sure he's alive somewhere; he was so clear and life-like. O! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

After an absence of three years Charley did return. He met Sylvia and followed her to her home. High words passed, and both Philip and Charley went away. From this point the story bears no resemblance to *Enoch Arden* and consequently does not concern us here.

Such are some of the stories to which *Enoch Arden* bears a greater or less resemblance. There may be, and in other languages doubtless are, other similar narratives. It is not improbable that in days of great adventure at sea some sailor should be left alone on a desolate island, or at least that some incident should suggest such a fate. Given so much as a basis, it is not improbable that this sailor should have a wife and children at

home. Neither is it impossible that returning after long years of absence he should find his wife wedded to another. So a large amount of agreement in such stories is to be expected.

As was intimated at the beginning of this paper, I do not know how far Tennyson was familiar with these stories. A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* for October, 1880, says:

"*Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field* were told by a friend to the poet, who, struck with their aptitude for versification, requested to have them at length in writing. When they were thus supplied, the poetic versions were made as we now have them."

On what authority this statement was made I do not know. The assertion has been repeated since (I speak of *Enoch Arden*). Only a short while ago I saw it stated that the story was told to Tennyson by Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, and that his widow has the manuscript of the story.

However this may be, it seems probable Tennyson knew some of the stories outlined above. We cannot easily suppose, for instance, that he had never heard *Auld Robin Gray*. I should say that *Sylvia's Lovers* and *Homeward Bound* and very probably *The Parting Hour* were known to him. Judging from internal evidence one would be tempted to say that he knew Miss Hooper's story, but otherwise the probability is not so great as that he knew the one in *Gil Blas*.

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NOTE TO SCHILLER'S 'WALLENSTEIN'S LAGER,' l. 1096.

IN the well-known *Reiterlied*, with which the first part of the Wallenstein-Trilogy closes, we read ll. 1091-1096:

Warum weint die Dirn' und zergrämet sich schier?
Lass fahren dahin, lass fahren!
Er hat auf Erden kein bleibend Quartier,
Kann treue Lieb' nicht bewahren.
Das rasche Schicksal, es treibt ihn fort,
Seine Ruhe lässt er an keinem Ort.

Concerning the meaning of the last line of the quotation, a variety of opinion prevails.

Karl Breul says in his Cambridge University Press edition of the *Lager* and *Piccolomini*,

(Cambridge: 1894) by way of comment upon the passage:

"This somewhat obscure line seems to mean 'He does not leave his peace of mind anywhere,' 'he does not lose his heart to any girl in any place, as he is always on the move.' Cf. the good rendering by Sir Theod. Martin, 'His heart may be touched, but he loses it not.' Cf. in this context Gretchen's song in Faust i, ll. 3374-7:

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmer mehr."

W. H. Carruth's note upon the same words, in his Wallenstein edition (Henry Holt & Co., 1894), is as follows:

"*lässt=lässt-sein*, 'he lets himself rest nowhere'; possibly this ambiguous line means: 'He leaves his peace (of mind) nowhere,' that is has no contrition for his inconstancy; or again: 'He leaves peace (his peace, like 'My peace I give unto you') nowhere.'"

All three of these interpretations seem to me forced, and scarcely in accord with the obvious meaning of the last two stanzas of the song. I here present what seems to me an interpretation that is at once more natural and more in harmony with the context. Both Breul and Carruth refer *seine* in l. 1096 to *Reiter* and are, therefore, puzzled by the expression: *seine* (des Reiters) *Ruhe an keinem Ort lassen*. The former tries to read it as if *lassen* meant *lose* ('Seine Seelenruhe verlässt ihn an keinem Ort'). This is certainly a very rare meaning of the word *lassen*, to say nothing of the anti-climax involved in clinching the statement of the cavalryman's enforced inconstancy (*Kann treue Lieb' nicht bewahren*) by the trivial remark that his roving life prevents him from falling in love. Carruth assigns, in the first of his two proposed explanations, a similar meaning to *lassen*, but understands *seine Ruhe lassen* as equivalent to *Gewissensbisse empfinden*. Just at this point we note the similarity between Carruth's conception and that of Breul, as reflected in the quotation of Gretchen's words. The meaning thus derived tallies ill with the spirit of the lines, that certainly do not represent the soldier as a hard-hearted wretch, but rather as the irresponsible plaything of destiny. The second of Carruth's proposed alternatives seems